

THE  
NEW-YORK  
WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY

OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. III.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1815.

NO. 6.

*The Sisters of Rose Dale;*

OR,


MODERN ADOPTION.

[Continued from our last.]

Mrs. Dawson and Fanny passed many an anxious hour after the departure of Matilda; yet, though Fanny, on some occasions, regretted her absence, she had in others cause of exultation; for her mother now regarded her with more tenderness, and treated her with a degree of confidence, which had hitherto been confined wholly to Matilda.

A fortnight passed tranquilly away, during which they endeavoured to amuse themselves with ideas of Matilda's pleasures, and a thousand agreeable anticipations. At length Mrs. Dawson grew weary of conjecture, and dispatched Fanny to the post-office for the expected letter. Fanny set out with alacrity; the distance was three miles, but had it been three times that number, she would have considered it no hardship. When she reached

Taunton, she was delighted to find that her trouble was not in vain; and the speed of her return was accelerated in proportion to the vivacity of her spirits: but the wind, which had assisted her progress, was now a powerful opponent. A sudden gust tore her bonnet from the ribbon which confined it, and carried it with velocity in an opposite direction from that she was so anxious to pursue. Fanny bounded after it with the agility and lightness of the famed Camilla, and would have succeeded in recovering it, but for an unlucky pond, which stood by the road side, into which, with infinite mortification, she saw her bonnet hurled by the ruthless blast. Stooping to save it from entire destruction, her head grew giddy, through anxiety and exertion, and, to complete the number of her distresses, she fell headlong into the pool; happily, her cry of terror was heard by a passing traveller, who instantaneously leaped from his horse and extricated her from her perilous situation. Insensibility had closed poor Fanny's eyes; the traveller, with all the promptness of humanity, took

off his great coat, wrapped it round her, and, after tying his horse to a tree, bore her in his arms to a farm house, which was not above two fields distant: "Mother," said he, to an old woman who sat by the fire knitting, "I have been so fortunate as to save this young lady from drowning—I believe—I hope—she is yet alive—for heaven's sake give her some assistance!" Mrs. Meadows required not a second solicitation: she chafed the hands and temples of the sufferer with hartshorn, and used every method to restore animation. The young man had immediately retired, and sent the servant with some warm flannels, dry linen, &c. In a short time Fanny recovered; she was astonished to find herself in such a situation, and as her recollection returned, she made her most grateful acknowledgments for the kindness she had experienced. The young man now entered the room; he inquired after her health in the most solicitous manner, and begged to know if he could render her any farther assistance. Fanny repeated her thanks, and proceeded to relate the cause of the accident; but in the midst of her recital, she stopped short, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "What shall I do?  is lost, it is destroyed!" Her auditors, thinking she alluded to her bonnet, were surprised at the agitation she manifested; till, in terms of extreme sorrow, she bewailed her own and her mother's disappointment, in the loss of the letter so eagerly desired. To search for it would be useless; but her sensibility and affection made a lively impression on the mind of young Meadows. Pity is, they say, nearly allied to love; and it is certain

that William at that moment experienced an emotion which owed its birth entirely to the former sentiment; for Fanny had no charms to captivate, nor was her present situation calculated to give her appearance any adventitious aid. It was her unassuming gentleness, and her filial piety, which interested and charmed the sensible Meadows.

After being refreshed with a little warm wine, Fanny expressed her solicitude to return to her mother, who, she feared, would be alarmed at her long absence. Meadows immediately put his horse, which the boy had brought home, into a neat chaise, and insisted on conveying her home. Fanny would have declined giving him so much trouble; but he was resolute in his determination, and she was obliged to acquiesce. After reiterating her thanks for their hospitality, and assuring Mrs. Meadows she should be happy to see her at the cottage, Fanny departed, accompanied by her kind preserver. During their ride, the conversation became animated, and they were mutually pleased with each other. Though Fanny had as yet scarcely noticed the person of young Meadows, there was a certain insinuation in his manners which could not fail to prepossess her in his favour, independent of the service he had rendered her; but now that her spirits were tranquilized, and her first embarrassment got the better of, she could not but remark the fine person, and handsome features of her companion. William, who was not destitute of penetration, easily perceived that he was not likely to become an object of aversion, and, as his heart had been

hitherto free from any tender attachment, he thought he could not devote its first affections to a more amiable object. Possessing unusual prudence for his years, he sought only domestic virtues; and, as it was his wish to form a matrimonial engagement as soon as he could meet with an object likely to promote his happiness, he resolved, if every other particular answered his expectations, to make Fanny his wife. Mrs. Dawson had been long waiting her daughter's return with apprehensive impatience, hastily ran to the gate when the chaise stopped; her surprise was extreme at Fanny's altered appearance, and, with breathless agitation, she demanded an explanation. Fanny briefly related the accident she had met with, and the kindness she had experienced from Mr. Meadows and his mother. Mrs. Dawson did not fail to make suitable acknowledgments; and, after a few minutes, getting the better of her temporary disappointment in the loss of the letter, she resumed her usual cheerfulness, and treated Meadows with the agreeable affability of an old acquaintance. Delighted with such pleasant society, William protracted his visit till a late hour in the evening, and requested the privilege of repeating it an early period. This was a civility which Mrs. Dawson could not refuse; and, from that time, a day seldom passed, let the weather be what it might, but Meadows spent a few hours at the cottage.

Though he had not yet ventured to make his real intentions known, Mrs. Dawson could not but observe his partiality towards Fanny, and she felt the most lively pleasure in the prospect of such an advantageous establishment

for her child; as the father of Meadows was reported to be the richest farmer in the neighbourhood, and fame gave to young William the most unblemished reputation. Fanny, unbiassed by any interested view, took pleasure in the society of the young farmer, and noticed his attentions with a degree of secret delight, which she timidly concealed even from her mother. The natural humility of her mind made her fearful that she might mistake his sentiments; and it was not till she had received an explicit avowal of his affection, that she dared to indulge herself with the pleasing idea of becoming his wife. William, as just as generous, assured her that his esteem for her was unalterable, and founded on the most firm basis; but at the same time informed her, that their prospects would be clouded by temporary inconvenience, if his father (who was at that time in London on particular business) should at his return object to their union. "It is true," said he, "I am of age, and so far independent, that by persevering industry we may support ourselves creditably; but there is an indispensable duty owing to our parents, which I should be unwilling to violate." Fanny applauded his sentiments, and entreated him to believe that they exactly corresponded with her own. Thus a mutual confidence was established between them, and their interviews passed in social enjoyment, and the tender endearment of virtuous affection.

A letter at length arrived, with the London post-mark. William had brought it from Taunton; and Mrs. Dawson, in the plenitude of her joy, threw her arms round his neck, and



called him her "Dear son." A blush of pleasure suffused Fanny's cheek, and Meadows, encircling them both with his arms, said, smiling at the same time on Fanny, "Now that you have adopted me, you cannot retract your word." Mrs. Dawson, seating herself between them, broke open the seal, and eagerly perused the contents of her daughter's letter, which ran thus:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I am greatly surprised at not receiving an answer to a letter which I wrote to you about three weeks since, and in which I related to you all the particulars of our journey, and the kindness of Lady Fitzgerald. But, oh! dear mother, how can I describe to you the charming place to which she has brought me; I write this from her ladyship's house in Portman Square, which, I can assure you, is a perfect palace. As to your daughter, you would scarcely know her; my hair, which you used to admire curling down my back, is now drawn closely from the roots, and fastened on the top of my head, something in the Chinese manner, as you see them on the tea-cups; my sleeves are cut up to the very shoulder, and though at first I suffered extremely from the cold, yet one must here make some sacrifices to fashion. I was extremely ill for a few days, in consequence of wearing fewer petticoats than usual; but, by her ladyship's care, am now perfectly recovered. To indulge and amuse me, Lady Fitzgerald has deviated from her usual plan, and mixed once more with the world; she has taken me to most of the public places; we have

had several parties at home; and I was quite astonished at the difference observable in the manners of people of fashion, compared with those to whom I was accustomed at home; for indeed, my dear mother, there was not in the whole circle of our acquaintance a human being, of either sex, who, in dress or manner, resembles those I now meet with. Tell Fanny that I shall be very much displeased, if she forms an attachment with any of the young rustics in our neighbourhood; their manners are so awkward, and their dress so out of the way, that I should be quite shocked at the idea of such a one calling me sister."

(To be continued.)

An Account of the Disinterments, in the Year 1793, of the Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, and other Illustrious Persons who had been interred at the Abbey of St. Denis, in France, during a previous Period of Five Hundred Years.

ON Saturday the 12th October, 1793, the members composing the municipality of Franciade, (formerly St. Denis,) gave the necessary orders for carrying into execution the decree of the national convention relative to the disinterment of the coffins deposited in the Abbey of St. Denis, which were to be stripped of the lead which they contained, for the purpose of its being manufactured into bullets.

The first tomb opened, was that of Turenne. The astonishment of the workmen and others who pressed round the spot, eager to behold the remains of this great man, was extreme, when upon opening the coffin, Turenne was discovered in such a perfect state of preservation, that not a feature of his

countenance was altered. The astonished spectators admired in these cold remains the victor of Turkeim; and forgetting the mortal blow which he received at Saltzbach, every one believed that they saw his soul again in arms to defend the rights of France. This corpse, not in the least decayed, was in the state of a mummy, dry, and of a clear brown colour; and perfectly corresponded with the existing portraits and medallions of this great warrior. Upon the suggestions of several persons of distinction, who were present, this mummy was entrusted to the care of the celebrated Host, keeper of the Abbey, who preserved it in an oak box, and deposited it in the little vestry of the church, where he exhibited it to the notice of the curious, for more than eight months; after which period it was removed to the botanical garden at Paris, on the earnest request of the learned professor Desfontaines, a member of that institution.

Those who removed this body observed, through the glass cover of the coffin, a corpse extended at full length, and wrapped in a sheet, which had been torn in such a manner as to expose the head and stomach.—Upon further examination, it appeared that every part of the body must have been carefully embalmed, as the whole was in excellent preservation. The skull had been cut away, and replaced or supplied by a wooden cap of the same form, but of a greater circumference. Every feature of the countenance appeared to us to have remained unaltered, so that we could trace the resemblance of this great man to the representations of him which the sta-

tuary has transmitted to our times. The effects of the blow, which destroyed him in the midst of his triumphs, were still visible in the appearance of the mouth, which was open extremely wide; a circumstance doubtlessly occasioned by the violent convulsions of his frame which followed the fatal blow. Continuing our observations upon these venerable remains, we perceived that the arms were extended on each side of the body, and that the hands were crossed upon the region of the belly. The other parts of the corps were wrapped in the sheet, and presented nothing uncommon in their appearance.

To one side of the coffin was affixed a plate of copper, which appeared to be the same which had been placed upon the original coffin, in which the body of Turenne was enclosed, and upon which we read the following inscription, translated in English:

‘Here lies the body of the most serene prince Henry de la Tour, viscount Turenne, marshal general of the light cavalry of France, governor of Upper and Lower Limosin, who was killed by a cannon-ball the XVII of July, in the year MDCLXXVII.’

On the first of Vendemaire, in the year 9, conformably to a decree of the consuls, the body of Turenne was removed once more, and conveyed with great pomp to the Temple of Mars, formerly the church of the invalids, where it was afterwards placed in the interior of the monument, which was originally erected for it in the Abbey of St. Denis; and which had been preserved from demolition in the museum of French monuments.

The tomb of the Bourbons was next opened, on the side of the subterranean chapels; and the workmen began by taking out the coffin of Henry IV. who, according to the plate on his coffin, died in 1610, aged 57 years. The remains of this prince were in such a perfect state of preservation, that his countenance was not in the least changed. He was placed in the passage of the lower chapels, wrapped in his mantle, which was in equally good preservation. Every one was at liberty to inspect the corpse till Monday the 14th, when it was removed into the choir, and placed on the lowest step of the altar, where it remained till two o'clock in the afternoon; when it was conveyed into the burial ground called Des Valois, and deposited in a deep grave dug at the lower end of the ground to the right on the north side. This corpse, considered as a dry mummy, had had the skull opened, and the brains taken out; instead of which it contained a quantity of tow, steeped in a liquid essence of aromatics, which still retained so powerful an odour, that it was scarcely possible to support it.

A soldier who was present, inspired by a martial enthusiasm at the moment of opening the coffin, threw himself upon the corpse of the conqueror of the league, and, after a long silence of admiration, drew his sabre, and cut off a long lock from his beard, which was still fresh, exclaiming at the same time in energetic and truly martial language,—*‘Et moi aussi, je suis soldat Français! Desormais je n’aurai plus d’autre moustache!’*\* Then pla-

ing the precious lock upon his upper lip—*‘Maintenant je suis sûr de vaincre les ennemis de la France, et je marche à la victoire!’*—He immediately retired.

On the same day, the workmen continued their labour, and opened several other coffins of the Bourbons; namely, Louis XIII, who died in 1743, aged 42 years; Louis XIV, who died in 1715, aged 77 years; Marie de Medicis, second wife of Henry IV. who died in 1642, aged 68 years; Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. who died in 1666, aged 64 years; Marie Theres, infanta of Spain, wife of Louis XIV. who died in 1688, aged 45 years; and Louis the dauphin, son of Louis XIV. who died in 1711, aged 50 years.

Several of these bodies were very well preserved, particularly that of Louis XIII. Louis XIV. was also in good preservation, but his skin was as black as ink. The rest were in a state of liquid putrefaction, especially that of the *Great Dauphin*.

On the 15th Oct. twenty-two coffins also containing remains of the Bourbon family, were opened. These bodies presented nothing remarkable in their appearances, most of them being in a state of putrefaction. A thick and black vapour, attended with an infectious smell, arose from these coffins, which was dispelled by means of burnt vinegar. Several of the workmen were attacked by diarrhoea and fever, but without any fatal consequences.—Among the bodies disinterred this day, were found the hearts of Louis the dauphin, son of Louis XV. who died

\* And I also, I am a French soldier.—Henceforth I will wear no other whiskers.”

\* \* Now I am sure to conquer the enemies of France, and I march to victory.”



at Fontainebleau, 20 December, 1765 ; and of *Marie Joseph de Savoie*, his wife, who died 13 March, 1767. The hearts were deposited in the cemetery with the other remains of the Bourbons : they were in cases of lead, and of silver and silver gilt : the latter were delivered to the municipality, and the former were consigned to the commissary of government.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 16th, the workmen proceeded with the disinterments in the vaults of the Bourbons. The first coffin opened was that of Henrietta Marie de France, daughter of Henry IV. and wife of Charles I. king of England, who died 1669, aged 60 years. The second was Henriette Stuart, daughter of Charles I. king of England, and first wife of monsieur, brother of Louis XIV. who died in 1670, at the age of 26 years.

After removing 17 other bodies, about two o'clock in the afternoon the workmen took up the coffin of Louis XV. who died 10th May 1774, aged 64 years. It had been placed at the entrance of the vault over the steps, in a niche formed in the thick part of the wall, a little on the right hand of the entrance. This was the precise spot where was interred the body of the last king of France, who died a natural death. The coffin was opened with great caution in the church-yard, upon the side of the grave. The body was inclosed in a lead coffin, and wrapped carefully in sheets and bandages : it was in an entire state, fresh, and in good preservation. The skin was white, the nose of a violet colour, and the hams were as red as those of a new born infant. This body was not embalmed in the ordinary manner,

but floated in a liquid formed of a solution of marine salt. It was thrown into the grave upon a bed of quick-lime ; and a layer of the same lime being laid upon it, the hole was filled up with earth.

On the same day were discovered the remains of Charles V. who died in 1380, aged 42 years ; those of his wife, Jean de Bourbon, who died 1378, aged 40 years. In the coffin of Charles V. was found a crown of silver-gilt, in excellent preservation ; a hand of justice of silver, and a sceptre of silver-gilt, about five feet in length, of curious workmanship, somewhat resembling the Thyrsus, or Javelin of Bacchus entwined with vine-leaves and ivy, as exhibited in Montfaucon, article *sceptres*—This curious *morceau* was in admirable preservation. In the coffin of the queen were found part of a crown, her gold ring, some remains of bracelets or links of chains, a spindle or distaff of gilt wood half rotten, and a pair of shoes with sharp points, which, though partly decayed, still retained visible marks of the gold and silver embroidery with which they had been ornamented. Nothing worthy of remark was discovered among the bodies disinterred on the 17th or 18th. On the 19th was opened the coffin of Louis VIII. father of St Louis, who died eighth November, 1226, aged 40 years. This corpse was almost wholly decayed. Upon the stone cover of the coffin was engraved a cross in demi-relief. In the coffin were found the decayed remains of a wooden sceptre, and a diadem or crown, which was nothing more than a band of gold tissue with a large satin cap. It was in good preservation. The

body had been wrapped in a mantle of gold tissue, some pieces of which were remaining : and in this dress it had been buried, sewed up in very thick leather, which still retained all its elasticity. This was the only corpse among those disinterred at St. Denis which was found inclosed in leather. At St. Germaine-des-Pres, a body was discovered which had been buried in a similar manner. The custom of sewing-up the dead in leather skins, is very ancient. In Colchis, they interred only the females ; and they inclosed the men in the hides of bullocks, and suspended them to trees by strong chains.\*

On the same day was discovered the entire skeleton of *Philippe le Bel*, who died in 1314, aged 46 years. It was inclosed in a stone coffin in the shape of a trough. There were found in it a diadem of gold tissue, and a sceptre of copper-gilt, about five feet long, & terminated by a bunch of leaves on which was a bird, also of copper, coloured after nature, supposed by its form and colour to represent the goldfinch, being a striking resemblance to that which is given in Montfaucon's *Monarchie Francaise*.

In the evening of the same day, by the light of flambeaux, the workmen opened the tomb of king Dagobert, who died in 638. In a wooden chest about two feet long, lined with lead on the inside, were found the bones of this prince, and those of Nanthilde his wife, who died in 642. The bones of this pair were wrapped in silk stuff, and separated in the middle of the chest. On one side of the coffin was a leaden plate with this inscription :

— '*Hic jacet corpus Dagoberti.*' On the other side another leaden plate with this inscription :— '*Hic jacet corpus Nanthildis.*'

From the 19th to the 25th, inclusive, the workmen continued to open the tombs and coffin deposited in the abbey of St. Denis. In the coffins of *Philippe de Valois* were found a crown and sceptre of copper-gilt. In the coffin of *Charles le Bel* were found a crown of silver gilt, a sceptre of copper gilt seven feet in height ; a gold ring ; part of a hand of justice ; a walking-stick of ebony ; and a pillow of lead, on which the head of the king was reclined.

The entire skeleton of *Philippe le Long* was discovered in a stone coffin. He had been interred in his royal robes. His head was covered with a crown of silver-gilt, enriched with precious stones. His robe was ornamented with a clasp of gold in form of a lozenge ; and a smaller one of silver. His sash was of satin stuff, fastened with a buckle of silver-gilt. His sceptre was of copper-gilt.

The last tomb opened was that of king John, who died in England in 1364, aged 56 years.

#### COWARDICE.

To decline any difficulty which lies in the way of our duty, under pretence of inability to conquer it ; to refuse engaging in any good and virtuous undertaking from a fear that we shall not succeed in it, are certainly the effects of cowardice—not of humility.

Green and blue are the two colours that are the most pleasant to the eye of man.

\* Vide Appolonius's *Argonautica*.



Late accounts from Spain mention the capture and execution of Gen. Porlier, on the third of Oct. last, in the 30th year of his age. This patriotic Spaniard had headed a small body of men with a view of opposing the existing tyranny of the Spanish government. He was delivered up by his treacherous soldiers to the bigotted and bloody Ferdinand, and executed on the gallows without trial. He had served in the Spanish navy at the battle of Trafalgar.

#### GEN. PORLIER'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

"My beloved wife!—The Almighty, who disposes of man according to his will, has deigned to call me to himself, in order to give me, in eternal life, that tranquillity and ease which I have not enjoyed in this world.

"We are all subject to this necessary condition of nature, and therefore it is useless to grieve when this hour approaches.

"On this account I most tenderly beseech you to receive this last blow of the ill fate which has persecuted us, with the same tranquillity and security as I retain while writing this to you. Be not afflicted at the kind of death they inflict upon me, since it can dishonour only the wicked, but covers the good with honour and glory.

"I repeat to you, that if I take with me any consolation to the world of truth, it is that of being persuaded that obeying me at this moment, as you have always done hitherto, you will be consoled and resigned to the will of God, which is the supreme law of all mortals; in the sequel you will receive my last will, which you will endeavour to fulfil as far as possible. Father Sanchez, who will be the bearer, a monk of our patron, St. Augus-

tin, will deliver you this, and which I confide to him under confession." I again recommend to you to conform to what I desire, since the contrary, being prejudicial to your safety, will not tend to the good of your soul. Adieu! Receive the heart of your husband.

"J. O. DE LAC.

Oct. 3d, 1 o'clock at night."

The late gen. Polier left orders in his testament, that he should be put in a chest locked with a key, and that this should be given to his wife, with a handkerchief steeped in his last tears, and that when circumstances should permit, he should be placed in a pantheon, with the following inscription.

"Here repose the ashes of Don Juan Diez Porlier, general of the Spanish armies, who was fortunate in what he undertook against the enemies of his country, and died a victim of civil dissensions.

"Feeling souls, respect the ashes of an unfortunate—Oct. 3d. 1815."

#### DUELLING.

THE trial of Maj. Campbell accidentally fell into my hands, which I have read with much interest. I do not recollect of an instance in any country, where the civil laws have been rigorously enforced against the surviving duellist. Maj. Campbell and his friend capt. Boyd, are gentlemen of high respectability in the British army; a trifling altercation takes place between them—a challenge is given and a duel fought, in which captain Boyd is mortally wounded, and with his dying breath accuses his antagonist. Maj. Campbell makes his escape to his wife and family at Chelsea,

where he resides several months under a fictitious name; but he cannot flee from the goadings of a reproving conscience.

The following extract from a letter to his friend, E. Thompson. Esq. will evince his unhappy and deranged state of mind. Speaking of his wife and slaughtered friend, he says:

"Yes, most excellent of women, for thy sake will I strive to shake off these vagaries, these dreadful waking dreams which haunt my imagination. The husband of so much transcendent loveliness could never perpetrate a deed so black; no, *I am no murderer!*—Catch the welcome sounds, O ye winds! Repeat them, ye mountains, in a thousand echoes, and rebound them o'er the bosom of the mighty deep! Convey the glad tidings, ye gentle zephyrs, in softest murmurs to the ears of my disconsolate wife, and whisper that Campbell is *no murderer*.—Alas! can all the briny waters of the ocean cleanse me from blood, and make my polluted heart spotless and pure? Did not his expiring words condemn me, and are they not registered in the Eternal's book?—My agony of mind is insupportable, and those must be made of other clay than mine, who could bear life under this heavy pressure of misery!

Methinks the winds doth sing it me, and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounces Murderer!

"No human power can change my irrevocable determination. I will die, but not by my own hand! I will surrender myself to justice, and before the offended laws of my country, stand

an unhappy example, and suffer a violent and ignominious death for the benefit of my countrymen, who by my unhappy exit, shall learn to abhor the too prevalent and too fashionable crime of duelling."

His trial takes place—sentence of death is pronounced against him and execution ensued.

If by the publication of this trial, only one unthinking man is prevented from precipitating himself into a fatal duel, a valuable purpose will be effected.

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## VARIETY.

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### THE CONNEXION BETWEEN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC VIRTUE.

"Public virtue is the great basis upon which laws and government most securely rest. But public virtue is the offspring of private virtue. We love our country, after having loved our relations, our friends and our neighbours. Patriotism, as it has been well defined by an able writer, is only a wider diffusion of benevolence, which extends from our fire-sides, to all those who are governed by the same laws with ourselves; whom the same political interest bind together; and whom the same name distinguishes as one people. But without the exercise of the moral virtues however men may talk of patriotism, they will never practice it. That great palladium of government is never found among a people corrupted by luxury. It is nursed in the bosom of simplicity; and educated in the school of morality. It is cherished in the breast of man, with the most generous affections of his heart. It is intimately connected with the love of order and closely united with moral rectitude.

"The first duty of a legislator, I firmly believe is to inspire the people

with the love of morality. In the cultivation of the moral duties says Cicero, is all the honour, and in their neglect, all the shame of our lives.—But there is more than this, men who obey not the laws of moral obligation, can never be friends of order, or of mankind. The moralist is guided in his conduct by his perception of moral fitness; but he who altogether disowns this guide, must either be a dangerous, or an useless member of society."

#### SELF ENJOYMENT.

Whoever takes an attentive survey of mankind, cannot fail to be struck with this observation,—that, in general, all are roving about in pursuit of enjoyment, and seldom think of seeking it within themselves.

#### WHISTLING TO SOME TUNE.

The lady of Dr. Bentham was a woman of a disposition congenial with that of her *caro sposo*. She asked a person who applied for the place of footman in her family if he could whistle? "Why is that necessary?" said the man. "Because," said the lady, "I expect my footman to whistle all the time he is in the cellar, to be certain he is not drinking while he is there."

The following is the Calendar of a Siberian or Lapland Year.

- June 23—Snow melts
- July 1—Snow gone
- 9—Fields quite green
- 17—Plants at full growth
- 25—Plants in flower
- Aug. 2—Fruits ripe
- 10—Plants shed their seed
- 18—Snow

From August 18 to June 23—Snow and Ice.

In the time of the old court, the faces of the Parisian ladies were spotted with patches, and plastered with rouge. Lord Chesterfield, when at Paris, was asked by Voltaire, if he did not think

some French ladies then in company, whose cheeks were fashionably tinted, very beautiful. "Excuse me," said Lord Chesterfield, "from giving an opinion—for I am no judge of *paintings*."

As queen Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII. and mother of queen Elizabeth, was going to be beheaded in the Tower, seeing a gentleman there of the king's privy chamber, she called him to her, and with a cheerful countenance, and a soul undaunted at approaching death, said to him, "Remember me to the king, and tell him he is constant in advancing me to the greatest honours. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness; from that degree made me a queen; and now, because he can raise me no higher in this world, he is translating me to heaven, to wear a crown of martyrdom in eternal glory."

The duke of Bourbon, general of the army of Charles V. received his death wound in the assault of the city of Rome. Some of the soldiers, passing near the place where he was stretched upon the ground nearly expiring, asked each other if it was true that the duke was dead. He hearing their inquiries, and wishing not to discourage them, exclaimed, "Bourbon is gone forward!"

Tom Brown, having once asked a man how he contrived to live in these hard times, was answered, "I live, as I believe you do, master Brown, by my wits." "Faith," replied Brown, "you must be a much more able trader than I ever thought you, to carry on business and thrive upon so small a capital."

Mrs. Chapone was asked the reason why she always came so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."



## Seat of the Muses.

### APPROACH OF WINTER.

In woods no more the feather'd throng  
Pour native music on the gale ;  
And heard you not the harvest song  
Its last notes linger in the vale ?

Where are the walks that blush'd with  
flow'rs ?  
And where the western breeze that  
breath'd  
Its pilfer'd sweets to scent the bowers,  
With peace and calm contentment  
wreath'd ?

Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,  
And desolation sweeps the ground,  
Come, WINTER, teach me how to draw  
A moral from the ruins round.

The sober thought, to virtue dear,  
The dreary walks shall furnish still ;  
Still sweetly, on my pensive ear,  
Shall fall the murmurs of the rill.

Oft through yon desolated grove,  
Where many a faded flow'ret lies !  
At evening's shadowy hour I'll rove,  
Regardless of the frowning skies.

And oft I'll to the lonely dell,  
Or to the russet heath repair,  
To hear the distant village bell  
Sweet vibrate on th' expanse of air.

If, on the wild wing of the blast,  
The Demon of Destruction fly ;  
May then some rush-light, o'er the waste,  
With friendly beams direct the eye.

Adieu ! ye glitt'ring scenes adieu !  
That stole my heart from Peace and  
Truth ;  
That promis'd pleasure, while you threw  
Illusive splendour o'er my youth !

Time, to all pictur'd bliss a foe,  
Proclaims, as through its wastes we  
range,  
That all our joy is absent wo,  
And all our life, progressive change !

### TO LORD BYRON.

Know'st thou the land of the mountain and  
flood,  
Where the pines of the forest for ages have  
stood ;  
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of  
the storm,  
And the young ones are rock'd in the high  
Cairngorum ?

Know'st thou the land where the cold Celtic  
wave  
Encircles the hills which her blue waters  
lave ;  
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of  
the sea,  
And their spirits are light, for their actions  
are free ?

Know'st thou the land, where the sun's  
ling'ring ray  
Streaks with gold the horizon till dawns the  
new day ;  
Whilst the cold feeble beam, which he sheds  
on their sight,  
Scarce breaks through the gloom of the  
long winter night ?

'Tis the land of thy sires—'tis the land of thy  
youth,  
Where first thy young heart glow'd with  
honour and truth,  
Where the wild fire of genius first caught  
thy young soul,  
And thy feet and thy fancy roam'd free from  
controul.

Ah ! why does that fancy still dwell on those  
climes  
Where love leads to madness, and madness  
to crimes ;  
Where courage itself is more savage than  
brave,  
Where man is a despot—and woman a slave.

Though soft are the breezes and rich the  
perfume,  
And fair are the gardens of Gul in their  
bloom ;  
Can the roses they twine, or the vines which  
they rear,  
Speak peace to the breast of suspicion and  
fear ?

Let Phœbus' bright ray gild the Egean wave,  
But say can it brighten the lot of the slave ;  
Or all that is beauteous in nature impart  
One virtue to soften the Moslem's proud  
heart ?

Ah ! no, 'tis the magic, which glows in thy  
strain,  
Gives soul to the action, and life to the scene ;  
And the deeds which they do, and the tales  
which they tell,  
Enchant us alone by the power of this spell.

And is there no spell in thy own native  
earth ?

Does no talisman rest on the spot of thy  
birth ?

Are the daughters of Britain less worthy thy  
care,

Less soft than Zuleika, less bright than Gul-  
nare ?

Are her sons less renown'd, or her warriors  
less brave,

Than the slaves of a prince, who himself is  
a slave ?

Then strike thy wild harp—let it swell with  
the strain,

Let the mighty in arms live and conquer  
again.

Their deeds and their glory thy muse shall  
prolong,

And the fame of thy country shall live in thy  
song ;

Though the proud wreath of victory round  
heroes may twine,

'Tis the poet that crowns them with honour  
divine ;

And the laurels of Pelides had sunk in the  
tomb

Had the Bard not preserved them immortal  
in bloom.

#### THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

"LET there be light," the first command  
That burst from heaven's exalted throne,  
Jehovah gave the stern decree,  
And forth immediate radiance shone.

The sun, the glorious orb of day,  
Was order'd to assume his sphere,

To shed on earth th' enlivening ray ;  
To shine abroad from year to year.

But there's a light, a brighter light !

Than sun, or nature e'er could claim ;

'Tis shed through all creation's space,

And bears a great and glorious name !

This light has shone since man was made,

And it will shine 'till worlds decay ;

Its brightness far exceeds the morn ;

With it the gloomy night is day.

Would you inquire what is this light

That shines with such refulgent blaze ;

Its name is TRUTH, and Truth alone,

Can bring our wand'ring souls to grace.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO EDWIN.

STRANGER, obedient to thy call,

My harp shall tune its lay,

Since thou hast thought—since thou hast  
said

That harp was lately gay.

For little dream'd I that its strains

Could pleasure give to one ;

Or I had not so long been sad,

My harp so long unstrung.

Thou know'st, for thou art Poesy's child,

The soul's poetic glow ;

And thou hast felt the feeling throb,

That feeling praise bestow.

No more dejection's morbid power,

Nor languor, pain, nor wo,

Shall make my harp forget its song,

Since one has bade it flow.

Yet deem not, stranger, that the cause

Of silence long maintain'd,

Was wounded pride, or envious spleen ;

For praise I had not gain'd.

In childhood even my heart would glow

O'er verses rough and rude,

And all of poetry could charm,

For all to me was good.

Then soon with trembling hand I try'd

To touch my new born lyre,

And strange to tell, each uncouth strain  
Still rais'd my fancy higher.

And let me own that rising warmth  
Was often near to die,  
Because, forsooth, my friends were not  
Perchance as pleas'd as I.

But soon the fond delusion broke,  
And reason frown'd in stead;  
My high rais'd hopes dissolv'd in air,  
The poet's pride was dead.

But could the poet's love depart?  
Ah no! it linger'd still;  
A feeling warm within a heart,  
Itself so cold and chill.

Poetic love was still so warm,  
Though vain conceit had flown;  
My harp was tun'd, and tun'd again,  
To please myself alone.

And why at length I ceas'd my lay,  
'Twere little worth to tell,  
So that thy soft, melodious strains  
Have drove away the spell.

Then, gentle Stranger, gladly I,  
Will touch the harp we love,  
And think obedience well repaid,  
If thou can but approve.

ADELAIDE.

NEW-YORK:  
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1815.

## Intelligence.

Since our last advices from England to the 24th Oct have been received. A rumour, it appears was then in circulation from France, stating that new and serious agitations had occurred in France; so that the Prussians who were on their march to the Frontiers, had received orders to return to Paris.

The affairs of Spain are said also to be in a very unsettled state; and that the Spanish government, fearful of consequences, had assumed a mere conciliating spirit.

On Monday last, both houses of Congress being convened, at Washington, proceeded to business; when the hon Henry Clay, (one of our late commissioners at Ghent) was chosen speaker of the house of Representatives. On Tuesday the President's Message was transmitted to both houses; and brought express to this city in 25 hours after its delivery—a distance of 242 miles.—It not being possible, in our limited space, to give the entire of this speech, we present the following brief outline of it from the *Columbian*,

"The first message to the 14th congress, will be read with much interest by every class of the community, whether it embrace the manufacturer or farmer, merchant or mechanic, soldier or sailor. It is a judicious message; and opens the way to the discussion of every great point of policy; it traces the outlines of most subjects of legislation very happily. It does not press again by direct recommendation what the president recommended to the 13th congress. Excepting corps of invalids, and an extension of the military academies, he does not urge, an increase of the military peace-establishment; but, in pointing out the necessity of vigilance, of works of defence, on both frontiers, &c. an augmentation seems implied. However, it is for congress to devise as well as to enact; to agree or dissent—the president is not bound to dictate all schemes, nor they to conform to them.

To provide an uniform currency, and foster domestic manufactures, are the wishes of the nation as well as of the president. In these, as in other respects, the president's opinion tallies with that of the public.

The claims and services of the army and navy are justly acknowledged; and the feelings of the disbanded officer are soothed by the observation, that the retained officer stands only on the ground of positive merit, not comparative in all cases with him dismissed.



The commercial convention with British is spoken of with modest caution, as a thing which may be improved into liberal arrangements. We trust the *acts* of congress will at least equal the *words* of the message."

#### SENTENCE OF DEATH.

On Monday last, sentence of death was pronounced by Judge Platt on Thomas Burke, convicted at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, of murdering his wife, and on two coloured men, one named Ishmael Frazer, the other George Vanderpool, convicted of setting on fire at midnight, the dwelling-house, corner of Liberty-street and Washington-street, in August last.

The concourse of people who attended to hear the sentence, and witness the deportment of the convicts was very numerous. The judge pronounced the sentence of the law—that they be taken back to the prison, and from thence to the place of execution, on the third Friday of January next, and there hung by the neck till they were dead.

The prisoners were all extremely affected and agitated. Frazer fell backwards in the box, when he heard the words consigning them to death. Burke, who has the look of a foreigner, is a small, thin man, much emaciated and pale, listened to his sentence with trembling and consternation; his hands clasped convulsively together, his eyes turned upwards, and his lips moving, as if entreating for mercy. Frazer, who is a stout man, of rather a forbidding aspect, and about middle aged, wept aloud. Vanderpool, who has a more youthful appearance, with a high, fair forehead, and handsome features, also shed tears abundantly. The loud sobs of females, their relations and acquaintance, were heard in the passages; and the scene was such as could not fail to make a deep impression on the crowd who came to witness it.—*Eve. Post.*

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the Rev. Mr. Fenwick, Mr. William M'Gowan, merchant, to Miss Margaret Phelin, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Garret Banta to Miss Hetty Westervelt.

By the Rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. John Charles M. Day to Miss Ann Baldwin, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Whelpley, Mr. Charles Smedberg to Miss Renwick.

By the Rev. Mr. M'Clellan, Mr. Zophar Platt to Miss Elizabeth Wright, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. D. Cushman, to Miss C. S. Ruter, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. M'Clellan, Mr. George Cheeseman to Miss Mary Hageman, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Robert I. Renwick to Miss Mary H. Rhineland.

## Obituary.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 46 persons in this City, for the week ending on Saturday the 2d of December, 1815—of the following Diseases:

Consumption 9, convulsions 5, contusion 1, diarrhœa 2, dropsy in the head 3, drowned 3, dysentery 1, fever inflammatory 1, fever typhus 1, hives 3, inflammation 1, influenza 5, measles 1, old age 1, peripneumonia 1, pleurisy 3, pneumonia typhoides 1, small-pox 1, still born 1, sudden death 1, unknown 1, whooping cough 1, worms 1—Total, 46.

### DIED,

Mrs. Dorcas Mactier, aged 22.

Capt. William Harden, aged 37.

Midshipman Horatio Stockton, of the U. S. frigate Guerriere, son of the Hon. Richard Stockton, of Princeton, (N. J.) aged 18.

Mr. William G. Lee, aged 24.

Capt. John Dawson, late of Liverpool, master of the English ship Vere.

Mr. William H. Tillman, aged 25.

Mrs. Jane Byrne, aged 33.

Mrs. Hobes, after a lingering illness.

Mr. John H. Schmidt, in the 56th year of his age.

Mr. John Cunningham.

At Baltimore, the most Rev. Dr. John Carroll, Arch Bishop of Baltimore, in the 80th year of his age.

At Savannah, Col. Joseph Habersham, formerly Post-Master-General, aged 65.

## ANECDOTE OF A DUTCHMAN.

About the year 1730, a Dutch seaman was condemned to death for a crime committed while at sea: but his punishment was afterwards changed, and he was ordered to be left on an uninhabited part of the island of St. Helena. This unhappy person representing to himself the horror of that solitude much beyond what it really was, fell into a despair that made him attempt the strangest action that ever was heard of. The day he was left there had been buried an officer of the ship on the same island. This seaman took up the body out of the coffin, and having made a kind of rudder of the upper board, ventured himself to sea in it.—It happened fortunately for him to be so great a calm, that the ship lay, as it were, immoveable, within a league and a half of the island: but as he advanced, his companions seeing so strange a kind of a boat floating on the water, imagined they saw a spectre, and were not a little startled at the resolution of a man who durst hazard himself on that element so far from the shore in three boards lightly nailed together, which a small wave might easily have overturned, though he had no confidence to be viewed by those who so lately had sentenced him to death; accordingly it was put to question, whether he should be received or not, but at last they concluded *in mitiorem*, and he was taken on board, and came afterwards to Holland, where he lived in the town of Horn, and related to many how miraculously God had delivered him.

## AN EXTRACT.

Tacitus says, early marriage makes us immortal. It is the soul and chief prop of empire. That man who resolves to live without woman, and that woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell, injurious to themselves, destructive to the world, apostates from nature and rebels against heaven and earth.

## WM. PENN, ON MARRIAGE.

Do thou be wise; prefer a person before money, virtue before beauty, the mind before the body: then thou hast a wife, a friend, a companion, a second self, one that bears an equal share with thee in all thy toils and troubles.

## DREADFUL VENGEANCE!

A clergyman, in the time of Cromwell, being deprived of his living for non-conformity, said to his friends, "that if he was deprived it should cost a hundred men their lives." This strange speech being noised abroad, he was summoned before a magistrate, and thus explained his intention: "Should I loose my benefice," said he, "I am resolved to practise physic, and then I may, if I get patients, kill a hundred men."

## BOTANY BAY.

Some years ago, one of the convicts in Botany Bay wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause at the theatre in Port Jackson. The noted Barrington furnished the prologue, which he ended with these lines:—

"True patriots we; for be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's good."

## WANTED.

A BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, to learn the TAYLORING BUSINESS.—Apply at No. 140 Front-Street.

Oct. 7.

(tf.)

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